

The Secret of Lonesome Cove

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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CHAPTER IX.

Chester Kent Declines a Job.

"His meeting is a fortunate chance for me," said Blair presently.

"Chance?" murmured Kent interrogatively.

The car swerved sharply, but immediately resumed the middle of the road.

"Certainly, chance," said the motorist. "What else should it be?"

"Of course," agreed Kent. "As you see."

"I said fortunate," continued the other, "because you are, I believe, the very man I want. There is an affair which has been troubling me a good deal. I haven't been able to look into it personally because of the serious illness of my son, who is at my place on Sundayman's creek. But it is in your line, being entomological and perhaps criminological."

"What is it?" asked Kent.

"An inexplicable destruction of our woolens by the clothes moth. For many years now that I am president of the Kinsella mills. We've been having a great deal of trouble this spring, and our superintendent believes that some enemy is introducing the pest into our warehouses. Will you take the case?"

"When?"

"Start tonight for Connecticut." Chester Kent's long fingers went to the lobe on his ear. "Give me until 3 o'clock this afternoon to consider. Can I reach you by telephone?"

"Yes, at Hedgerow house, my place." "That is how far from here?"

"Fourteen miles. But you need not come there. I could return to the hotel to conclude arrangements. And I think," he added significantly, "that you would find the project a profitable one."

"Doubtless. Are you well acquainted with this part of the country, Mr. Blair?"

"Yes; I've been coming here for years."

"Is there an army post near by?"

"Not within a hundred miles."

"Nor any officers on special detail about?"

"None so far as I know."

Kent produced from his pocket the silver star with the shred of cloth



"Yes, sir. It was inquired for only yesterday by Mr. Blair."

hanging to it. "This may or may not be an important clue to the curious death that occurred here three days ago."

"It looks like the star from the collar of an officer. I should say positively that it was from an army or navy uniform."

"Are you yourself an expert in woolen fabrics, Mr. Blair?"

"I have been."

"Could you tell from that tiny fragment whether or not the whole cloth is all wool?"

Without replying Blair gave the

steering handle a quick sweep, and the car drew up before a drug store. He took the star and was gone a few minutes.

"Not all wool," he announced on his return.

"Exit the army or navy officer," remarked Kent.

"Why so?"

"Because regulations require all wool garments—and get them. What is the fabric?"

"A fairly good mixture, from the very elementary chemical test I made."

"Thank you, Mr. Blair. You've eliminated one troublesome hypothesis for me. I'll telephone you before 3 o'clock. Good day."

From the woolen manufacturer Chester Kent went direct to the Martindale Center library, where he interviewed the librarian.

"Do you get the agriculture department publications?"

"Yes."

"Have you a pamphlet issued by the bureau of entomology, Helmond on 'The Swarm Phenomenon in Lepidoptera'?"

"Yes, sir. It was inquired for only yesterday by Mr. Blair."

"Ah, yes! He's quite interested in the subject, I believe."

"It must be quite recent, then," said the librarian. "We haven't seen him here for a long time until two days ago, when he came and put in a morning reading on insects."

"So, Mr. Alexander Blair," said Kent, addressing the last fence post on the outskirts of the town, after a thoughtful walk, "that was a fatal break on your part, that mention of Helmond. Amateurs who have wholly dropped a subject since years back don't usually know publications issued only within three months. That casual meeting with me was well carried out, and you called it chance. A very palpably manufactured chance! But why am I worth so much trouble to know? And why does Alexander Blair leave a desperately ill son to arrange an errand for me at this particular time? And is Hedgerow house, fourteen miles distant and possessing just such an electric car as a woman would use in driving round the country, perhaps the place whence came Sedgwick's sweet lady of mystery? Finally, what connection has all this with the body lying in Annalaka burying ground?"

Ellicott no reply from the fence post, Kent returned to the Eyrle, called up Hedgerow house and declined Blair's proposition.

Early that evening Francis Sedgwick came to the hotel.

"Mr. Kent? I'm afraid you can't see him, sir. He isn't in his room," said the clerk.

"Isn't he about the hotel?"

The clerk hesitated. "I ought not to tell you, sir, for it's Mr. Kent's strict orders not to be disturbed, but he's in his special room. Is it anything very important? Any new evidence or something of that sort?"

"That is what I want Mr. Kent to decide."

"In that case I might take the responsibility. But I think I had better take you to him myself."

After the elevator had carried them to the top of its run, they mounted a flight of stairs and walked to a far corner of the building.

"Nobody's been in here since he took it," explained the clerk as they walked. "Turned all the furniture out. Special lock on the door. Some kind of scientific experiments, I suppose. He's very quiet about it."

Having reached the door, he discreetly tapped. No answer came. Somewhat less timidity characterized his next effort. A growl of surpassing savagery from within was his reward.

"You see, Mr. Sedgwick," said the clerk. Raising his voice he called. "Mr. Kent, I've brought—"

"Get away and go to the devil!" cried a voice from inside in fury.

"What do you mean by—"

"It's I, Kent Sedgwick. I've got to see you."

There was a silence of some seconds.

"What do you want?" asked Kent at length.

"You told me to come at once if anything turned up."

"So I did," sighed Kent. "Well, chase that infernal bellboy to the stairs, and I'll let you in."

With a wry face the clerk retired. Kent opened the door and his friend squeezed through into a bare room. The walls were hung and the floor was carpeted with white sheets. There was no furniture of any kind unless a narrow mattress in one corner could be so reckoned.

"It happened!" announced Sedgwick.

"Has it?" said Kent. "Lean up against the wall and make yourself at home. Man, you're shaking!"

"You'd shake, too," retorted the artist, his voice trembling.

"No; anger doesn't affect me that way. Wait! Now, don't tell me yet. If I'm to have a report it must be from a sane man, not from one in a blind fury. Take time and cool down. What do you think of my room?"

"What's the game?" asked Sedgwick, interested in spite of himself.

"It dates back to our college days. Do you remember that queer freshman, Berwind?"

"The mind reader? Yes. The poor chap went insane afterward."

"Yes. It was a weak mind, but a singularly receptive one. You know we used to force numbers or playing cards upon his consciousness by merely thinking of them."

"I recollect. His method was to stand gazing at a blank wall. He said the object we were thinking of would rise before him visually against the blankness. Did you ever figure out how he managed to do it?"

"Not exactly."

"For years I've kept a bare white room in my Washington house to do my hard thinking in. When your affair promised to become difficult for me I rigged up this spot. And I'm trying to see things against the walls."

"Any particular kind of things?"

Kent produced the silver star from his pocket and told of the discovery

Sedgwick, what was it your visitor said to you about Jupiter?"

"Sedgwick didn't mention Jupiter."

"No, of course not. Not by name. But what was it she said about the planet that she pointed out over the sea?"

"Oh, was that Jupiter? How did you know?"

"Looked last night, of course," said Kent impatiently. "There's no other planet conspicuous over the sea at that hour from where you stood. That's not important, at least not now. What did she say?"

"Oh, some rot about daring to follow her star and find happiness and that perhaps it might lead me to glory or something."

A kind of snort came from Kent. "Where have my brains been?" he cried. He thrust the bit of embroidery back into his pocket. Then with an abrupt change of tone:

"Well, is your temper in hand?"

"For the present."

"Tell me about it, then."

"You remember the picture of the face?" said Sedgwick, with an effort.

"Nobody would easily forget it."

"I've been doing another portrait from the sketches. It was on opaque glass, an experimental medium that I've worked on some. Late this afternoon I went out, leaving the glass sheet backed against a light board, on my easel. The door was locked with a heavy spring. There's no possible access by the window. Yet somebody came in and smashed my picture to fragments. If I can find that man, Kent, I'll kill him!"

Kent glanced at the artist's long, strong hands. They were clenched on his knees. The fingers were bloodless.

"I believe you would," said the scientist, with conviction. "You mustn't, you know. No luxuries at present. Anything else in your place damaged?"

"Not that I noticed. But I didn't pay much attention to anything else. I came here direct to find you."

"That's right. Well, I'm with you for the Nook."

Locking his curious room after him, Kent led the way to the hotel lobby, where he stopped only long enough to send some telegrams. The sun was still a few minutes short of its setting when he and his companion emerged from the hotel. Kent at once broke into a trot.

(To be Continued Next Saturday.)

INDUSTRIAL BODY REPORT IS READY

Sixty-Third Congress to Consider Evidence Gathered by Commission.

Washington, Nov. 4.—The Sixty-third congress will be prepared to take another step toward regulation of the relations of employers and employees when it convenes in December, as it will have before it for consideration a lengthy report from the commission on industrial relations created last year to investigate the subject and recommend legislation.

The report will be merely a statement of what has been done; of the evidence presented to it and of the research work it has conducted in many fields covering the period from Oct. 22, 1913, when the appropriation became available, until Oct. 22, 1914. Further hearings will be held this winter in New York, Washington, Chicago and Atlanta, and in its final report next year the commission will present the bills which it hopes will result in extensive reform of industrial relations.

Every effort was made by the commission to complete its preliminary report in time for presentation to the last session of congress. The force at field headquarters in Chicago was kept busy night and day, but it was found impossible to complete the task.

Five hundred witnesses have been heard by the commission's representatives in Washington, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Patterson, N. J., Lead, S. D., Butte, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. In addition to this exhaustive investigation much has been conducted independently by the field force under the direction of Dr. Charles McCarthy of the legislative library of Wisconsin.

The subjects considered were unemployment, vocational training, violence in labor disputes, interstate employment and agricultural labor. Among those who aided in this task were Professor George F. Barnett, Johns Hopkins university, who devoted himself to a study of economic conditions; Miss Marie L. O'Brien, of the bureau of labor statistics, investigating women and child labor; Robert F. Hoxie, professor of political economy, University of Chicago; William Leiserson, formerly superintendent of employment agencies, Wisconsin; John L. Parkinson, an expert special agent of the census bureau; Thomas I. Parkinson, chief of the legislative drafting division, Columbia university; B. S. Warren, surgeon of the public health service, and W. J. Lauck of Washington, D. C., formerly superintendent of industrial investigation, U. S. immigration bureau.

Public hearings were held under the

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The Bee Hive on The Corner

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direction of B. M. Manley, Washington, D. C., and Commissioner Walsh also paid particular attention to planning these hearings so that every phase of the subject might be given due attention. Among the witnesses heard have been federal, state and municipal officials, labor leaders in all parts of the country, social workers and philanthropists, employers of la-

bor in many classes and noted economists, surgeons and educators.

From each witness, in addition to evidence as to labor conditions with which he was personally familiar, suggestions as to remedial legislation was obtained. In arriving at its conclusions and the final expression of the commissioners' opposition will be embodied in bills to be drafted only after

a minute inspection of every similar law, state or federal. Every assistance in formulating the bills will be rendered by men who have made a life study of that work and it is designed to make the measure proof against technical objection as finally presented.

All the news all the time—The Argus.

Report of the Condition of German Trust & Savings Bank

ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

Before Commencing Business, Nov. 2, 1914.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$581,659.21
Municipal bonds	166,521.39
Futures	989.20
Cash and due from banks	145,738.61
	\$894,908.41

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock	\$200,000.00
Surplus	50,000.00
Undivided profits	2,651.46
Individual deposits	642,256.95
	\$894,908.41

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF—

PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK

Rock Island, Ill.

At the Close of business, Oct. 31, 1914.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts	\$ 553,818.95
United States and other bonds	169,326.77
Banking house	125,500.52
Furniture and fixtures	25,650.76
Cash and due from other banks	153,729.86
	\$1,028,026.86

LIABILITIES

Capital stock	\$ 100,000.00
Surplus	25,000.00
Undivided profits	1,097.08
Circulation	28,900.00
Deposits	831,909.92
Bills Rediscounted	41,119.86
	\$1,028,026.86

DIRECTORS

Otto Huber, C. B. Marshall, J. L. VERNON, Vice President.
G. O. HUCKSTAEDT, J. L. VERNON, Cashier.
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